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NBC

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WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS #101

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET
(12:30-1:00 PM)
TIME

WMAQ

(MARCH 30, 1956)
DATE

(FRIDAY)
DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

JIM: Well, all right. It's the only way if you say so. I'll
help all I can - fix myself up just as pretty as nature will give me.
But I reckon that ain't so much.

BESS: You don't look nice enough if you want to, Jim -- what are you
grinning about?

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Reminds me of Charlie -- speaking about looking
as handsome as nature gives -- Charlie's one of the boys in
the Forces Service, he's kinda bow-legged, you know -- and he
used to tell about during the War when they were trying to
make a soldier outa him. The top sergeant would get a bunch
of boys lined up and then he'd parade up and down in front of
'em yellin' "All right, no lookin' -- eyes front, heads up,
shoulders back, knees together" -- and then, looking right at
Charlie's bow legs, he'd add, "Knees together -- as near as
the conformation of the body will permit."

JERRY: (LAUGHS) Well, you're not bow-legged anyhow, Jim.

JIM: No? -- Well -- say -- you are kinda rigged up pretty special
tonight, aren't you, young fellow. I s'pose you're recording
the schoolmarm to this blow-out?

JERRY: Sure? Sure I'm taking her.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) That's why he's all dalled up like a sore thumb
tonight, Bess?

BESS: Of course -- You do look nice, Jerry. Mary's going to be
proud of you.

JERRY: Yeah?

BESS: And Jim, you go get ready, right away. They've asked you to be
host-master at this banquet, you know, so you have to look
presentable.

JIM: All right, Jess. I'll do my best.

JESS: And hurry, now, Jim --

INTERVAL - MUSIC

(FADE IN - HUM OF VOICES)

JESS: Oh, thank you very, Mary. Mr. Daniels, you look just as pretty as a picture!

MARY: Oh, thank you, Mr. Daniels.

JIM: Say, the old lads look pretty good tonight, at that. How about it, Jerry?

JERRY: Sure, who doesn't? They don't come any prettier than Mary.

MARY: Oh, now, Jerry - But couldn't we rather find our places and get seated, Jerry?

JERRY: Yeah - Where we supposed to sit, Jim? Here by you folks?

JIM: Nope. These places here are reserved for the old timers - as relics of the horse and wagon days, see? So I reckon you youngsters'll have to sit down at the other end of the hall.

JERRY: Okay, Jim. Let's go.

(SOUND OF VOICES OF A FEW BARS OF MUSIC)

HUM OF VOICES SUBSIDES

JIM: (PAISING VOICE) And now folks -- before we call on some of our distinguished old-timers to give us something of the wisdom of their years, it seems to me we oughta have a word or two from the younger generation. We've got some up-and-coming youngsters in this community - they're the ones that'll have to carry on when we old codgers have finished our work. Who would you say we'd better call on to speak for the younger generation of our community?

VOICES: The young ranger! --- Jerry Quirk! (ETC)

JIM: Who?

VOICES: (AGAIN CALL FOR JERRY)

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Well, it looks like you folks are going to work
as foresters overtime -- but if you want to hear from our
young assistant ranger, okay. Up on your feet, Jerry, and
let's have it -- Ladies and gentlemen -- Assistant Ranger,
Jerry Quirk.

APPLAUSE

JIM: I expect I'll call on Old Uncle Billy.

BESS: Uncle Billy? Why, Jim, do you think you ought to do that? He's sort of -- everybody thinks of him around here as sort of a never-do-well -- sort of a hermit, living off by himself in that old cabin, you know. Shouldn't you --

JIM: This is old-timer's night, Bess, and I reckon he's the oldest old-timer in the country.

BESS: I know, Jim, but with all our visitors here -- all the prominent people from out of town -- shouldn't you call on one of our best speakers like Judge Cockett -- or the major, Ezra Taggart -- or --

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Sometimes there's folks that do a lot of fine, high-flown oratory, and still don't say much.

BESS: I know, Jim, but --

JIM: Uncle Billy may not be any silver-tongue, but I've got a notion that he might have a thought or two that'd be worth listening to -- Anyway, here goes. (RAISING VOICE) Ladies and Gentlemen. (HUM OF VOICES SUBSIDES) -- I am going to call on our oldest old-timer, our friend and fellow-townsmen, Mr. William Smith, better known to all of us as Uncle Billy.

APPLAUSE:

JIM: If you think it'll be too tiring standing up and talking, Uncle Billy, just sit right where you are and talk to us. We don't need to be formal at a gathering like this.

UNCLE B. (OLD QUAVERING VOICE) Mr. Toastmaster Jim Robbins, when I first was confounded old that I had to sit while I'm a-doing my public speakin' I's a-goin' to quit a-cusin' to these here old timers' doin's.

APPLAUSE.UNCLE B:

Wall, ladies and gents --- I'm a gittin' too old fer doin much else 'side sittin' an thinkin' -- an' goin' fishin' in season. Thinkin' an' fishin' I kinda works together anyhow -- one don't interfere with the other, specially.

Wall, off'n on, I bin a-thinkin' -- 'bout last Hallowe'en time, some kids come around my cabin gitten fer mischief, an' I heerd 'em do-fidgetin' around, so I went out an' I says to 'em, I says: "Boys, this here destroyin' property 'round here ain't right." I says, "The fellers who's ownin' this here property is a-payin' for yer schoolin', an' payin' for that new gymnasium we're a-fixin' to build fer yuh, all of 'em bein' yer friends." I says: "It's then yer hurtin' -- yer own friends -- an' by hurtin' 'em you'r- destroyin' yer own pleasure an' happiness an' yer future prospects." You know, folks, it sorta got them boys an' they said they'd quit an' by gum they did.

Wall, I bin thinkin' about that, off'n on, like I said -- an' I bin thinkin' mebbe us old-timers was a lot like them kids, some ways. We done a lotta hard work in our day, clearin' land an' gittin' our ranches established an' gittin roads built into 'em an' buildin' our schoolhouses an' so on, startin' from nothin' -- but we also done a heap o' scrappin' and squabblin' an' tryin' to git hold of each other's property an' wastin' an' destroyin' public property which we shoulda bin conservin' fer our own good. We fit over the ranges, each tryin' to git our stock up on 'er so's to git a couple more stems o' grass than the other feller; an' we cut up and burned up whole big stands o' timber, wasteful-like, without stoppin' to think where we'd be when there warn't no more; (MORE)

UNCLE BILLY (CONTINUED)

An we was wasteful an' unthinkin' a lot o' ways like that -- just like them kids -- wastin' and destroyin' without thinkin' what it meant. By gum, I bin thinkin', what's goin' to keep this here little town of ours goin'. What's it goin' to keep goin' on, Im askin'. Waste land an' bare soil, washin' away in the rain, ainta goin' to keep it goin'. Bare soil and rocks, with the grass all et out and tramped out, ain't goin' to raise us no fat steers to ship out at the cattle-loadin' siding. Bare soil ain't gonna keep the lumber mill over 'cross the tracks yonder a-goin', 'cause how's the mill a-goin' to keep a-runnin' if we don't keep trees a-growin' up in the hills. Bare soil an' rocks ainta goin' to bring no city-folks up here summer-times fer recreatin', an' incidentally a-spendin' cash money in this here country. An' what's of particular personal int'rest to me, bare soil ainta goin' to keep feedin' clear, fresh-runnn' streams where a feller kin go a-fishin'.

By gum, it's what's back o' this here town that's goin' to keep it goin'. It's the good soil in the valley an' the grass and trees a-growin' on the hills - pervidin' we use 'em right. We old timers didn't use 'em none too good. We run too many stock on the range, an' we clean-cut up in the timber, an' we set around careless like lettin' fire clean up any little bit we left. That's how come we got such a lot of waste-land hereabouts, which we gotta start a-buildin' up all over again. An' meantime, what we got left, in the way o' timber an' all, we gotta use right - else this here town'll peter out an' quit kickin'.

(MORE)

UNCLE BILLY (CONTINUED)

That young ranger over there, a little while back - he didn't do much
 talkin', not talkin' no like poor Uncle Billy here - but he said something
 worth thinkin' on. He said something 'bout "persistence" and "stability".
 I ain't got no fine high-soundin' words, but I fit what he was sayin'
 at, all right, -- meanin' this: we gotta use them things like timber an'
 soil an' water for all - we gotta use 'em right. Meanin' this: while
 we're usin' the woods, gotta keep more good growin' on 'em, while
 we're cuttin' timber we gotta keep more timber growin' up. An' so on --
 We old-timers was born a lot in our day, an' we ought to learned a few, but
 the young folks of us ain't lived long enough yet to learn what that young
 ranger was talkin' about. And any time that young ranger starts talkin'
 or you'll be listenin'.

Then that ranger said he got a lot of new-fangled words for what I was
 talkin' about -- "conservation", "sustainable-yield" an' so on -- but
 by god I like it just plain common-sense.

(APPLAUSE)

JIM: (WHISPERING) Well, I told you old Uncle Billy might say
 something worth listenin' to.

(FADE OUT)

ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers is presented by the National
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